Julia Freeman

KITTY CLYDE

COMPOSED BY **L.V.H. CROSBY.**

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY **H. CHADWICK.**

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MODERATO.

2d With a bas-ket to put in her fish,..... Every morning with line and a hook.....

O who has not seen Kitty Clyde..... She lives at the foot of the hill.....

This sweet little lass Through the tall heavy grass Steals a-long by the clear running

In a sly little nook by the bab-bling brook, That carries her father's old

brook ..... She throws her line in to the stream..... And trips it a- -

mill..... O who does not love Kitty Clyde..... That sunny ey'd

long the brook side..... O how I do wish That I was a fish, To

rosy cheek'd lass..... With a sweet dimpl'd chin that looks rougish as sin, With

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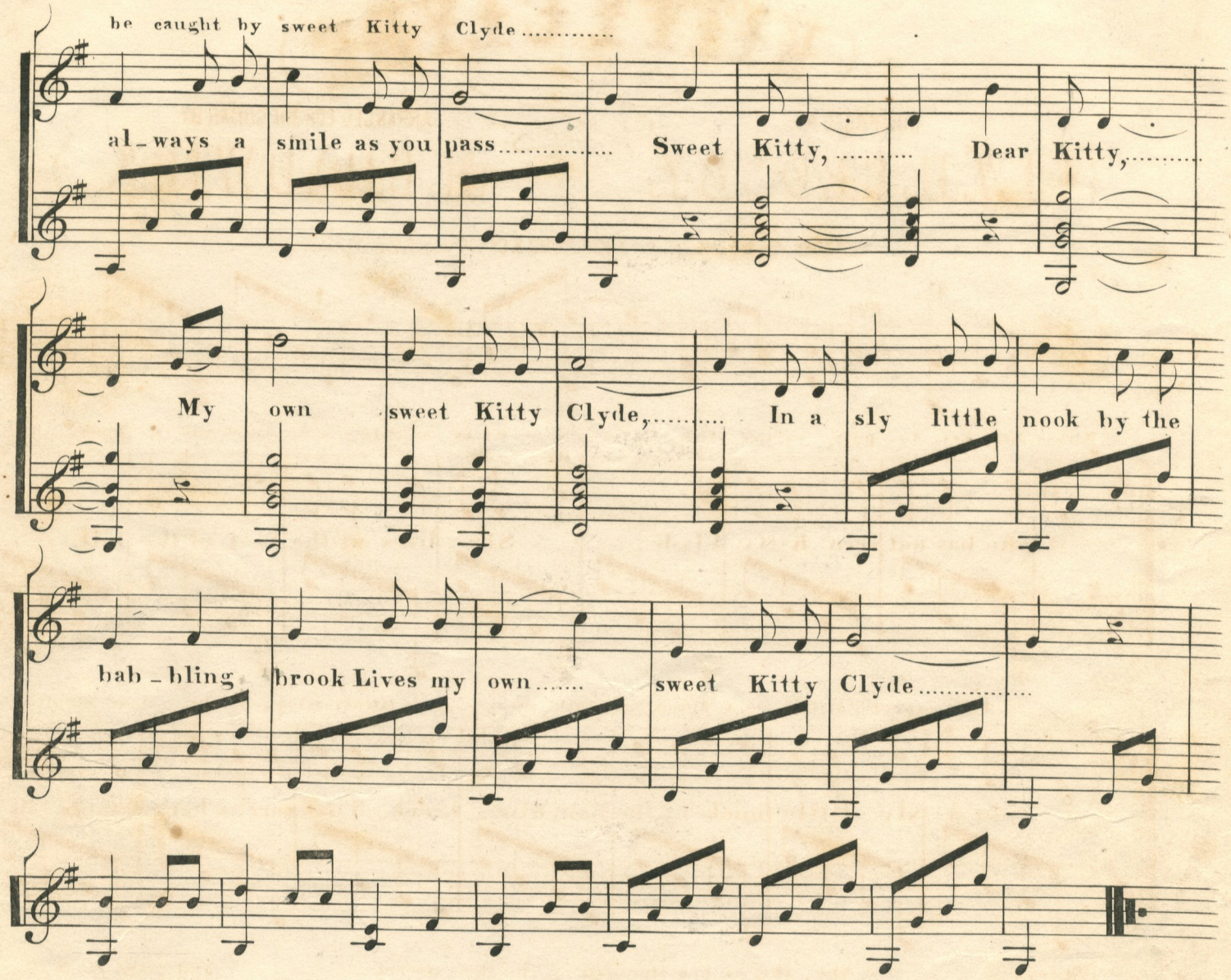
be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.....
al_ways a smile as you pass..... Sweet Kitty,..... Dear Kitty,.....
My own sweet Kitty Clyde,..... In a sly little nook by the
bab_bling brook Lives my own..... sweet Kitty Clyde.....

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How I wish that I was a Bee,
I'd not gather honey from flowers,
But would steal a dear sip
From Kitty's sweet lip,
And make my own hive in her bowers.
Or if I was some little bird,
I would not build nests in the air,
But keep close by the side
Of sweet Kitty Clyde,
And sleep in her soft silken hair.
Sweet Kitty &c.

Quidor Engv.